

TOMB OF
DRACULA

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



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THE TOMB OF DRACULA™ LORD OF VAMPIRES!

COMICDOM'S
NUMBER
1
FEAR MAGAZINE



IT'S--HIM!!
THE ONE MAN
EVEN I CANNOT
STOP!



WHO IS
THE DEMON
DRACULA
FEARS?

Five hundred years ago he was killed...but he did not die. Today, Quincy Harker, Frank Drake, Rachel Van Helsing, and Blade, the Vampire Slayer—stalk him...as this unliving Lord of Vampires spreads his reign of terror across a twentieth century world.

Stan Lee
PRESENTS: **TOMB OF DRACULA!**

MARV WOLFGMAN * GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER * COSTANZA & WOHL * MICHELE W.
WRITER/EDITOR ARTISTS LETTERERS COLORIST

DEMONS IN THE MIND!

BLADE IS DEAD, KILLED BY DRACULA EARLIER THIS COLD NIGHT. AND NOW, AS THE HIGH WINDS WHISTLE MADDENINGLY OVER THIS LONE STRETCH OF CEMETERY GROUNDS, FIVE FRIENDS OF THE LATE VAMPIRE-SLAYER PAY THEIR FINAL RESPECTS.

FRANK DRAKE: DESCENDANT OF THE VAMPIRE LORD, HE HAD ARGUED CONSTANTLY WITH BLADE THESE PAST YEARS, BUT HE LOWERS HIS HEAD IN SILENT PRAYER FOR HIS FALLEN COMRADE.

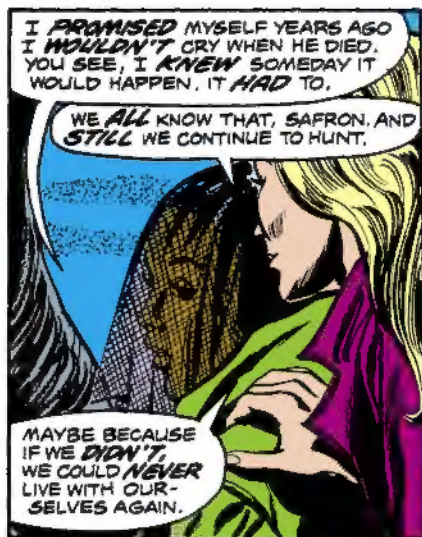
HANNIBAL KING: THE VAMPIRE DETECTIVE LOOKS ON BITTERLY. BOTH HE AND BLADE HAD BEEN SEARCHING FOR DEACON FROST—THE VAMPIRE THAT KILLED BLADE'S MOTHER, AND TURNED KING HIMSELF INTO A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT.

HAROLD H. HAROLD: THE YOUNG WRITER STARES INTO THE LONG NIGHT. SOMEHOW HE'D GOTTEN INVOLVED WITH THESE VAMPIRE HUNTERS, BUT HE REMEMBERS A TIME BEFORE HE WITNESSED THE HORRORS HE HAS NOW BECOME NUMB TO, AND IN THE PIT OF HIS STOMACH, HE WISHES THEY HAD NEVER MET.

RACHEL VAN NELSON: SHE HAD NEVER LIKED BLADE, BUT SHE NEVER WISHED HIM ANY HARM.

SAFRON DEVILLE: BLADE'S WOMAN, AS SHE PREFERRED TO BE KNOWN. SHE LOVED THAT MAN MORE THAN SHE THOUGHT SHE COULD LOVE ANYONE, AND NOW, SHE ALLOWED HERSELF TO REALIZE, SHE WAS ALONE.





I **PROMISED** MYSELF YEARS AGO I **WOULDN'T** CRY WHEN HE DIED. YOU SEE, I **KNEW** SOMEDAY IT WOULD HAPPEN. IT **HAD** TO.

WE **ALL** KNOW THAT, SAFRON. AND **STILL** WE CONTINUE TO HUNT.

MAYBE BECAUSE IF WE **DIDN'T**, WE COULD **NEVER** LIVE WITH OURSELVES AGAIN.



NOT WHILE WE **KNOW** "THEY" ARE SOMEWHERE OUT THERE-- WAITING TO **DESTROY** ALL WE CHERISH.

BLADE TOLD ME ALL THAT, RACHEL. I **DIDN'T** UNDERSTAND IT **THEN**.

I'M SORRY, BUT I **STILL** DON'T NOW.



I-IT'S STILL SUCH A **SHOCK**. I-I MEAN, I NEVER **KNEW** ANYONE WHO WAS **MURDERED** LIKE THAT BEFORE.

I-I CAN'T **BELIEVE** IT HAPPENED. I **REALLY** CAN'T.

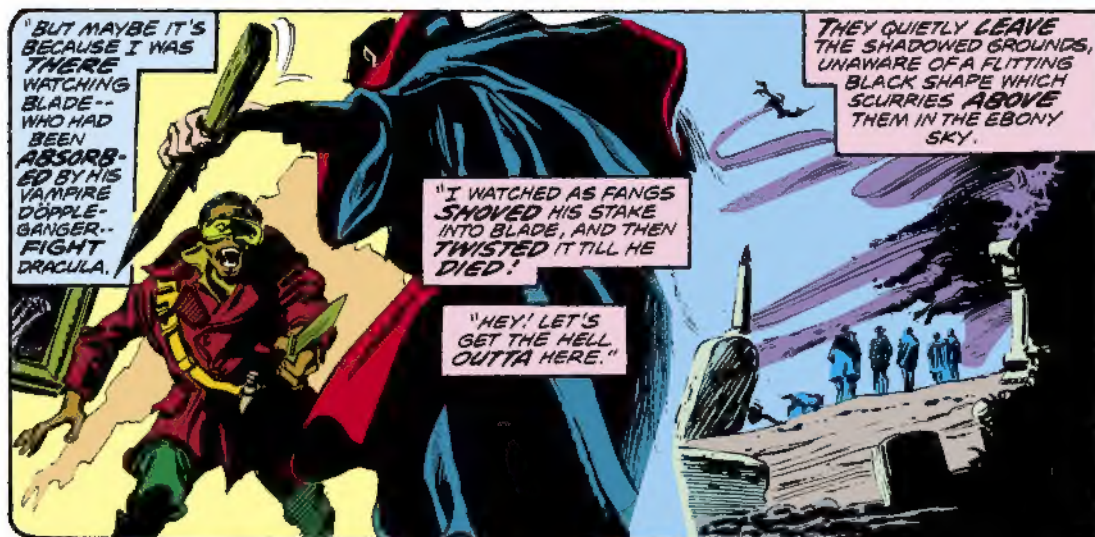
PEOPLE DIE, KID. IT'S NOT PLEASANT. IT **NEVER** IS.

BUT, **HELL!** IT HAPPENS, AND EVERYONE GOES ON--



--SEARCHIN' FOR WHATEVER **GOAL** THEY'VE SET FOR THEMSELVES. LOOKING FOR THAT SOMETHING **SPECIAL**.

DAMN IT! ISN'T LIKE ME TO GO **MAUDLIN**.



"BUT MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I WAS **THERE** WATCHING BLADE-- WHO HAD BEEN **ABSORBED** BY HIS VAMPIRE DOPPELGÄNGER-- FIGHT DRACULA.

"I WATCHED AS FANGS **SHOVED** HIS STAKE INTO BLADE, AND THEN **TWISTED** IT TILL HE **DIED!**"

"HEY! LET'S GET THE HELL **OUTTA** HERE."

THEY QUIETLY LEAVE THE SHADOWED GROUNDS, UNAWARE OF A FLITTING **BLACK SHAPE** WHICH **SCURRIES** ABOVE THEM IN THE **EBONY SKY**.

IT WAITS FOR THEM TO LEAVE, AND THEN, SHIMMERING IN THE BLACKNESS OF THE CEMETERY, IT DESCENDS TO THE SIDE OF THE GRAVE.

THE SHAPE WHICH ALIGNS IS NOT THAT OF A MIDNIGHT BAT, BUT THAT OF DRACULA, PRINCE OF EVIL! LORD OF DARKNESS! MASTER OF THE UNDEAD!

SO, MY BLACK FRIEND--YOU ARE FINALLY DEAD AND BURIED!

HOW LONG I'VE WAITED FOR THIS HAPPY MOMENT!

EVER SINCE THAT DARK NIGHT IN CHINA WHEN FIRST WE CROSSED PATHS--I SWORE I'D BE THE DEATH OF YOU!

AND THIS NIGHT--THIS NIGHT I HONORED THAT VOW!

HA HA HA HA HA

AND NEVER AGAIN SHALL--HOLD!

SOMEONE MOVING IN THE SHADOWS....!

NO! IT MUSTN'T BE--

WHO ARE YOU?

ANSWER ME, DAMN YOU!!

I CAN'T SEE THE FIGURE CLEARLY ENOUGH... BUT THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT.

IT IS HE!

THE ONE WHO HAS HAUNTED ME THESE PAST CENTURIES!

I THOUGHT I'D SEEN HIM AT THE PARTY * BUT NOW I'M SURE OF IT.

* LAST ISSUE. --MARY W.



BUT *WHY* HAS HE RETURNED AFTER ALL THESE YEARS?

WHY *NOW*--JUST AS I HAVE CREATED MY DARK CHURCH... PLANNED MY TAKING OVER OF THIS COUNTRY?

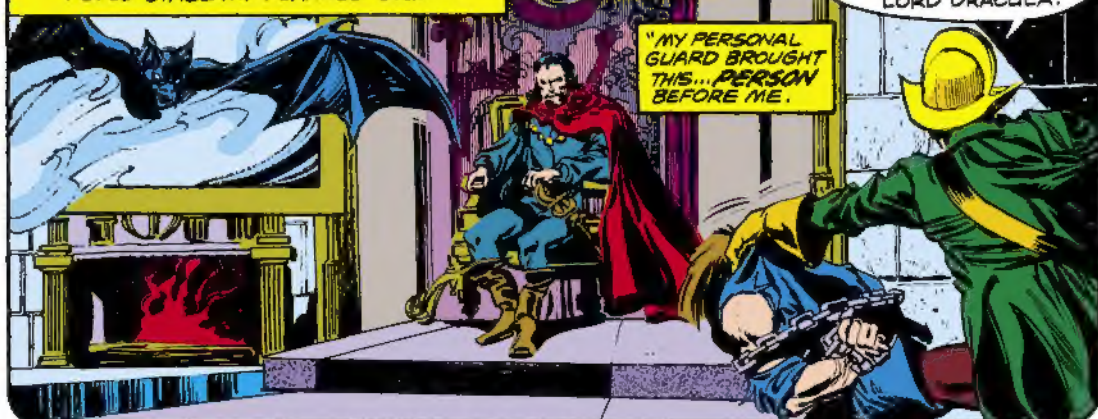
BUT--FOR *WHATEVER* REASONS, THE ANSWERS WILL *NOT* BE FOUND HERE.



WHICH MEANS IT IS TIME TO *FLY*--TO LEAVE THESE GROUNDS AND BLADE'S DECAYING BONES-- AND TO SOAR *FREE!*

FREE, ALAS-- TO REMEMBER...

...OUR FIRST ENCOUNTER. IT WAS *CENTURIES* AGO, AND I WAS *RULER* OF A SMALL PROVINCE IN SPAIN... A PROVINCE I GOVERNED WITH AN IRON HAND. BUT I WANTED *MORE* THAN THAT PARCEL OF LAND TO RULE--I WANTED THE *ENTIRE* COUNTRY, AND, AS I SAT HEAVILY ON MY THRONE, CONTEMPLATING HOW I WOULD STAGE MY PLANNED COUP--



WE CAUGHT THIS SCUM SPYING ON YOU, LORD DRACULA.

"MY PERSONAL GUARD BROUGHT THIS... *PERSON* BEFORE ME."



REALLY? *SPEAK* THEN, TATTERED ONE. *WHY* DID YOU SPY ON YOUR MASTER?

BECAUSE YOU ARE A *DEMON*, DRACULA! BECAUSE YOU PLAN TO *OVERTHROW* OUR KING!

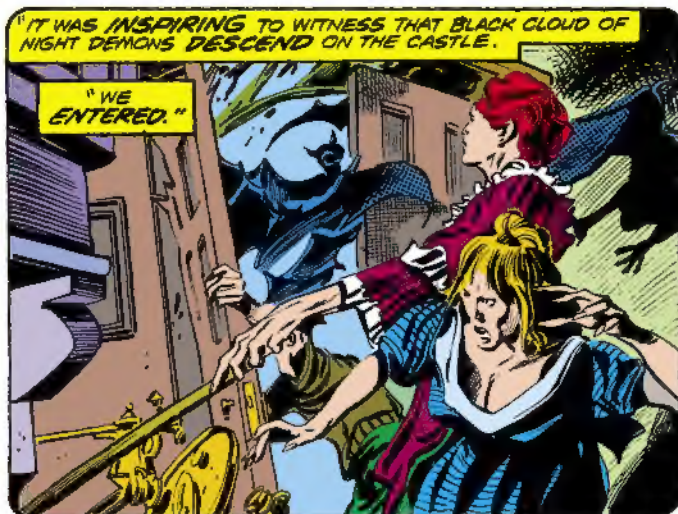
AND BECAUSE YOU BELONG *NOT* ON A THRONE-- BUT *BURNING* IN HELL!



THAT IS YOUR REASON, DOG? THEN, *HERE* IS MY ANSWER!

YOU WILL *DIE* FOR WHAT YOU SAID TO ME! YOU WILL *SUFFER* FOR THE KNOWLEDGE YOU HOLD!

AND MORE--I WILL *SLAY* YOU MYSELF--AS WARNING TO ALL OTHERS WHO MAY DARE DEFY ME!



NEITHER TIME DID I TRULY UNDER-
STAND MY ACTIONS, ONLY THAT I WAS
SOMEHOW FORCED TO SURRENDER
MY WILL TO HIS.

HOME. BUT IT WOULD
BE BEST NOT TO LET
DOMINI SEE ME NOW--
NOT AS LONG AS I
STILL FAIL TO UNDER-
STAND WHAT IS
HAPPENING TO ME.

WITH OUR
SON TO BE BORN
IN TWO MONTHS,
I DARE NOT
UPSET HER.

BETTER TO USE THE TIME TO
ONCE AGAIN WALK WITH THE HUMANS
... TO STUDY THEIR BEHAVIOR.



AND WHAT BETTER
PLACE THAN WHERE
HUMANS GATHER--
AT A THEATER OF
ENTERTAINMENT--

--ESPECIALLY
ONE WHICH PLAYS
A MOVIE OF MY LIFE
--STARRING THAT
FOOLISH ACTOR I
MET AWHILE BACK.

THE MAN IN THE SHADOWS NOTES THE ALIGHTING FIGURE
OF THE BAT, THEN NODS. HE IS READY.



HEY! HOLD ON THERE! YOU CAN'T
GO INSIDE WITHOUT A TICKET! COST
YA \$3.50!

TAP

TAP



BAH! I'LL PAY NOTHING
FOR THIS, WOMAN. UNDER-
STAND ME?



I-I- UNNNNHHH... GO
... GO RIGHT IN ...



I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND
WHAT THE HUMANS SEE IN
THIS CRUDE ENTER-
TAINMENT, BUT--

--I'VE COME
HERE TO
OBSERVE--
NOT TO
NECESSARILY
ACCEPT THEIR
LUDICROUS
BEHAVIOR.



HEY YOU, FLOWER
CHILD! GET DOWN IN
FRONT.

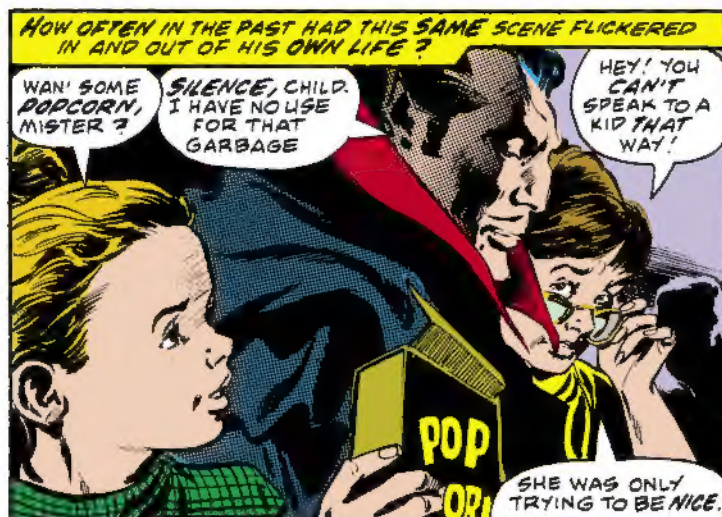
OR DO
YOU
INTEND
TO STAND
DURING
THE WHOLE
FLICK?

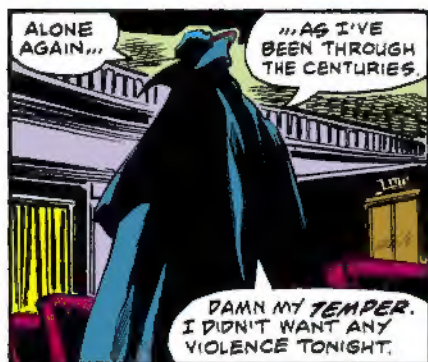
WHAT--?
YOU DARE
SPEAK
TO--



NO! BEST TO STAY
MY WRATH.

THIS IS
TO BE A
NIGHT OF
PEACE, NOT
ONE BRIMMING
WITH
DEATH!







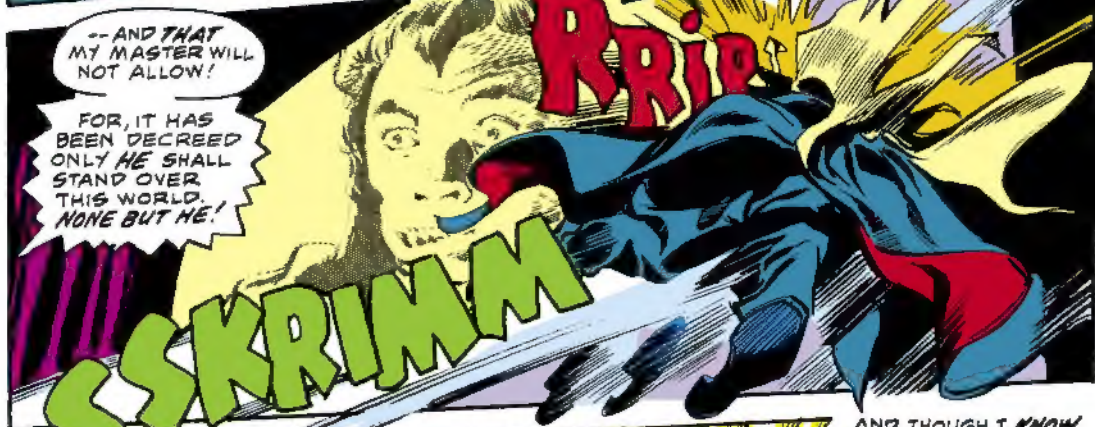
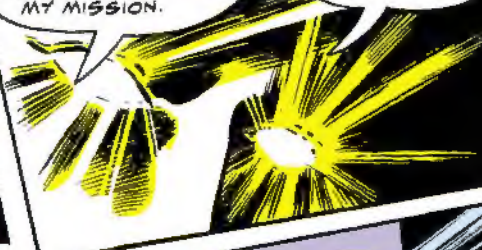
YOU WOULD *NOT* ACCEPT WHAT I AM, DRACULA.

INDEED, YOU COULD NEVER EVEN HOPE TO **COMPREHEND** THE FULL MEANING OF IT ALL.

I'VE BEEN SENT BY MY MASTER TO **WATCH** YOU-- TO **STOP** YOU IN YOUR MOST **IGNOBLE** ATTEMPTS AT CONQUEST. AND, IN THE PAST, I'VE BEEN **SUCCESSFUL** WITH MY MISSION.

BUT NOW YOU ARE **CLOSER** THAN EVER IN **SPREADING** A **NEW** REIGN OF **TERROR** ACROSS THIS EARTH--

BUT YOU **WOULD** UNDERSTAND MY MISSION --AND YOU WILL UNDERSTAND MY **POWER!**



--AND THAT MY MASTER WILL NOT ALLOW!

FOR, IT HAS BEEN DECREED ONLY **HE** SHALL STAND OVER THIS WORLD. **NONE BUT HE!**

RRIP

SSKRIMM



YOUR MASTER? THEN MY ASSUMPTIONS HAVE BEEN CORRECT? SATAN HAS DISPATCHED YOU HERE--

--FOR HE HAS ALWAYS **FEARED** THE DAY I WOULD BECOME MORE POWERFUL THAN **HE!**

HE IS PROBABLY **SICK** WITH GRIEF THAT I HAVE TAKEN **HIS** NAME--BUILT MY BASE OF POWER BECAUSE OTHERS THINK I AM **HE!**

DEMON, TELL YOUR MASTER TO LEAVE DRACULA **ALONE!** FOR **HIS** POWERS WILL SOON BE **NOTHING** COMPARED WITH **MINE!**

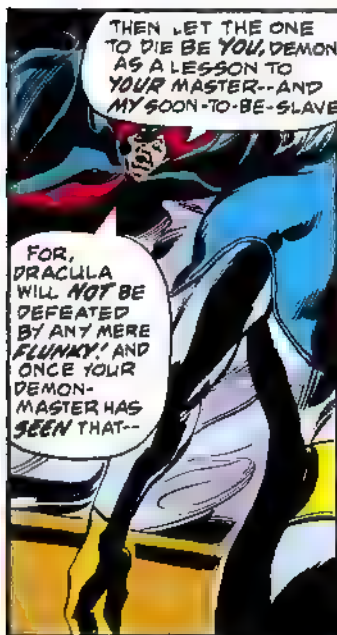


I HAVE MY ORDERS, DRACULA. AND THOUGH I HAVE **HESITATED** TO SEE THEM **FULLY** THROUGH, I AM AFRAID THAT I MUST AT LEAST **TEACH** YOU THAT MY MASTER IS **NOT** TO BE TRIFLED WITH.

AND THOUGH I **KNOW** THAT IN THE HISTORIES OF THE FUTURE, MY BATTLE HERE WITH YOU WILL BE DEEMED **FRUITLESS!**

--IT HAS **NEVERTHELESS** BEEN DECREED.

TONIGHT OUR POWERS SHALL MEET ON THE BATTLEFIELD! AND TONIGHT ONE OF US SHALL DIE!!



THEN LET THE ONE
TO DIE BE **YOU, DEMON!**
AS A LESSON TO
YOUR MASTER--AND
MY SOON-TO-BE-SLAVE

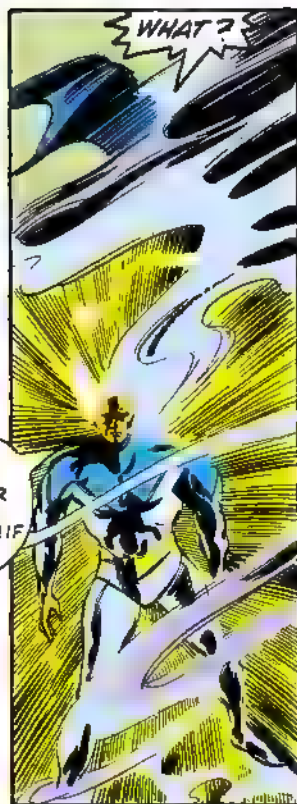
FOR,
DRACULA
WILL NOT BE
DEFEATED
BY ANY MERE
FLUNKY! AND
ONCE YOUR
DEMON-
MASTER HAS
SEEN THAT--



--LET HIM RAISE HIS
SLIMY FACE AND CHALLENGE
ME IN COMBAT!

MY MASTER
WILL **NEVER**
MEET WITH
YOU ON THE
BATTLEFIELD,
DRACULA. HE
HAS **NOTHING**
TO PROVE

BUT HE
HAS GIVEN
ME POWER
ENOUGH TO
DESTROY YOU IF
I WILL IT



WHAT?



HE'S THROWN ME
BACK--TURNED ME
INTO **MIST** AGAINST
MY OWN WILL!

PERHAPS I'VE
ERRED ONCE
AGAIN IN
JUDGEMENT...
PERHAPS I
FAILED TO
CONSIDER
THE FULL
FURY OF
SATAN UN-
LEASHED!

THIS THEATER
IS **DARK**, AND YOU
HAVE HIDDEN IN THE
SHADOWS LONG
ENOUGH

LET
THERE BE
LIGHT! AND
LET THE
LIGHT BURN
INTO YOUR
SOUL!

AND LET
THE **LIGHT**
DESTROY
WHAT
YOU ARE!



DAMN YOU,
DEMON...
EXTINGUISH THAT
HELLISH GLOW--
END IT I SAY!



I SAID EXTINGUISH THE LIGHTS, DEMON!

DRACULA DEMANDS TO BE OBEYED!

THE LIGHTS WILL REMAIN ON, DRACULA. FOR YOU MUST BE THE CENTER OF ATTENTION.

YOU'LL NOT BE ALLOWED TO HIDE IN THE DARKNESS ANY LONGER

YOU MUST BE MADE TO SEE YOURSELF... TO SEE WHAT A PITIFUL EXCUSE FOR A MAN YOU'VE BECOME.



YOU PRIDE YOURSELF ON YOUR POWER, BUT YOU WILL MEET DEFEAT!

OH, IT WILL SEEM TO BE A VICTORY, BUT WE WILL BOTH KNOW THAT WHAT WILL HAPPEN WILL CRUSH YOU IN THE LONG RUN!

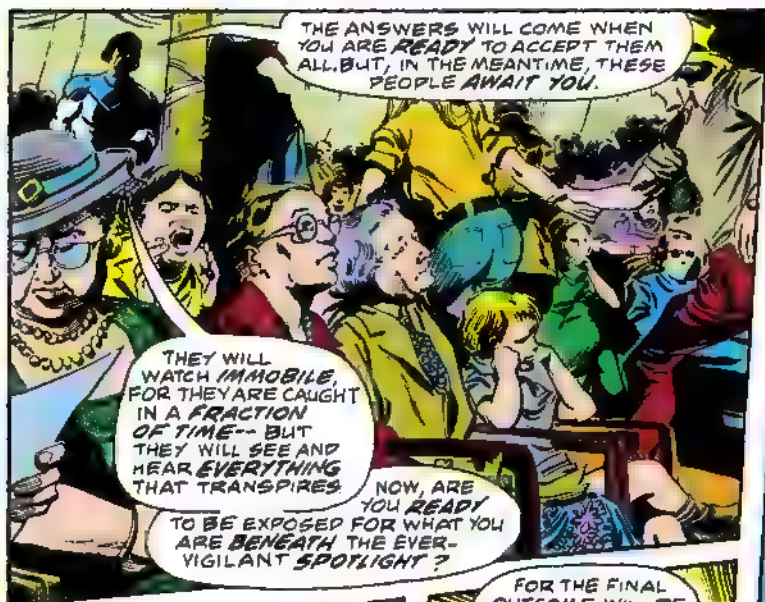
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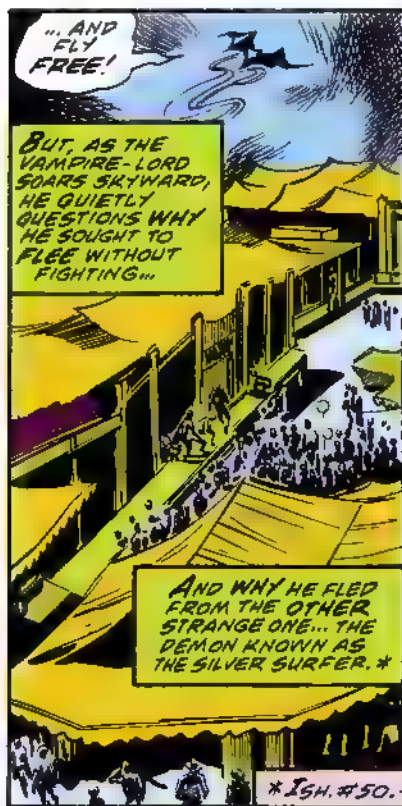
AND NOW, DRACULA--LOOK ABOUT YOU-- YOU ARE THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION IN A CIRCUS AND ISN'T THAT HOW YOU'VE OFTEN DESCRIBED THIS WORLD OF MEN IN THE PAST CENTURIES--A CIRCUS OF HUMAN CLOWNS

WELL, DRACULA, NOW IT IS YOUR TIME TO ENTERTAIN THE HUMANS YOU HAVE SO LONG DESPISED

WHO ARE YOU, DEMON? WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME? WHY?!

I-I WAS NOT AFTER SATAN'S THRONE... WHY IS HE AFTER MINE?





... AND
FLY
FREE!

BUT, AS THE
VAMPIRE-LORD
SOARS SKYWARD,
HE QUIETLY
QUESTIONS WHY
HE SOUGHT TO
FLEE WITHOUT
FIGHTING...

AND WHY HE FLED
FROM THE OTHER
STRANGE ONE... THE
DEMON KNOWN AS
THE SILVER SURFER.*

*ISH. #50.--M.W.



DRACULA
MUSES--HAS
HE BECOME
A COWARD?
IS HE MORE
FEARFUL
FOR HIS OWN
CENTURIES-
SPANNING
EXISTENCE
THEN HE HAD
BELIEVED?

WHAT? YOU?
BUT HOW--?

YOU CAN
NOT
FORSAKE
THE DESTINY
OF OUR
BATTLE,
DRACULA

DEEP IN THE PIT
WHERE OTHER
MEN HAVE SOULS,
DRACULA KNOWS
THE TRUTHFUL
ANSWER... AND
HE IS NOT
PLEASED WITH
THAT KNOWLEDGE

WE MUST
MEET ON THE
BATTLEFIELD. WE
MUST FIGHT, AND
ONE OF US MUST
DIE

HE MUST MEET THIS DEMON NOW. THERE IS
NO WAY DRACULA CAN FLEE AGAIN. THERE IS
NO PLACE HE CAN HIDE!



AND THOUGH
EVERY FIBRE
OF HIS BEING
WARNS HIM TO
RUN, STILL HE
COMES TO REST
ON THE SPEEDING
ROLLER COASTER
CAR BELOW HIM

... AND GAZES TOWARD
THE STARS WITH
PLEADING EYES AND
OUTSTRETCHED HANDS.

HE NEEDS THE SKIES TO OPEN TO
HIM AGAIN. HE NEEDS TO CALL THE
WRATH OF THE UNLEASHED STORM
TO SPREAD ITS POWER FROM ABOVE.

HE NEEDS A DISPLAY OF
HIS OWN AWESOME
POWERS-- TO BOLSTER
HIS FLAGGING SPIRIT



"LET THERE BE STORM!" DRACULA SHOUTS,
AND THE SKIES BECOME LIKE THE DEEPEST COALS.

BUT THE STRANGER RAISES HIS OWN GOLDEN HAND TO THE SKY AND WHISPERS--

LET THERE BE SUNLIGHT! LET THE STORM BE BURNT IN THE SKIES. LET THE LIGHT OF DAY SHINE THROUGH THE DARK OF THE NIGHT!

SAFRON--?

YOU STILL HERE? CANT YOU PLEASE LEAVE ME ALONE

YOU SEE, I GOT THIS LIGHTBULB FLICKERING IN MY HEAD

DON'T THINK IT'S WISE, KID

AND I THINK YOU'LL WANT TO HEAR ME OUT.

AND THE STORM VANISHES AS RAPIDLY AS IT CAME, AND DRACULA WATCHES HORRIFIED, UNWILLING TO ACCEPT WHAT HE SEES

THE CLICKETY-CLANKING OF CABLE CARS RUMBLING OVER WOODEN TIES DROWNS THE VOICES OF THE TWO STANDING MEN TO THE ONLOOKERS LOCKED SAFELY AWAY IN THEIR SPEEDING VEHICLES

BUT THEY CAN SENSE WHAT IS BEING SAID HERE NONETHELESS...

--WITH DRACULA'S WILL IMPOSED ON YOURS!

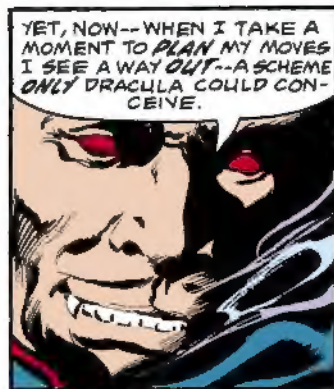
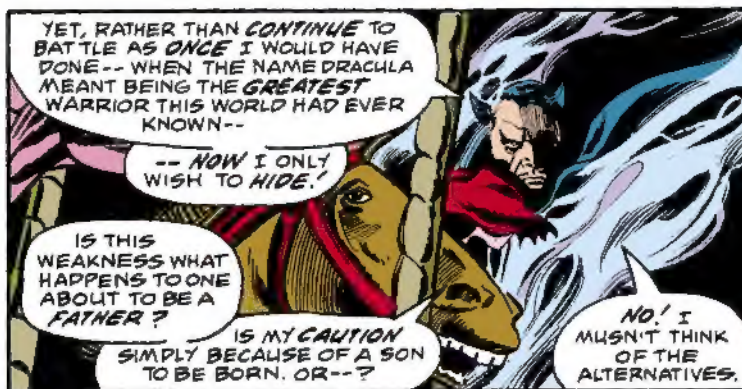
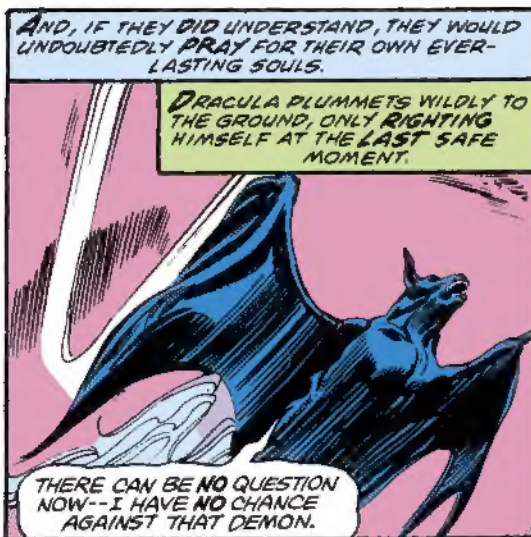
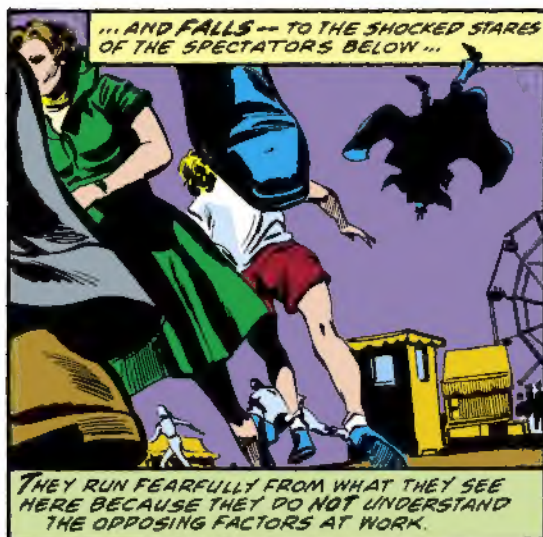
BUT MINE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO INSIST YOU LEAVE THIS CAR--

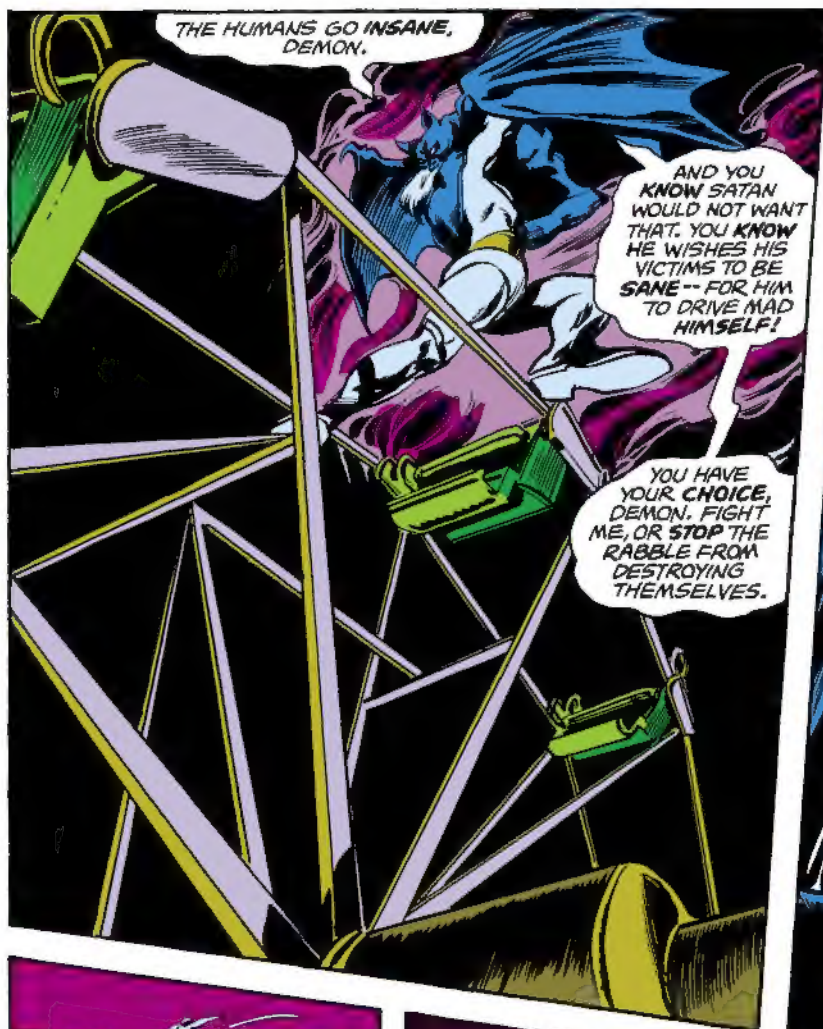
NO, VAMPIRE! YOUR GAZE IS NOT ENOUGH TO FORCE MY WILL TO YOURS.

IF WE MUST FIGHT, DEMON --THEN THE BATTLE WILL END IN MY BEING VICTORIOUS--

"--AND THAT YOU RUN LIKE THE COWARD YOU KNOW YOU ARE!"

UNABLE TO STOP HIMSELF, DRACULA LEAPS INTO THE YAWNING CHASM BEFORE HIM.





THE HUMANS GO INSANE,
DEMON.

AND YOU
KNOW SATAN
WOULD NOT WANT
THAT. YOU KNOW
HE WISHES HIS
VICTIMS TO BE
SANE-- FOR HIM
TO DRIVE MAD
HIMSELF!

YOU HAVE
YOUR CHOICE,
DEMON. FIGHT
ME, OR STOP THE
RABBLE FROM
DESTROYING
THEMSELVES.



YOU KNOW THE
ANSWERS, BUT, YOU
STILL FAIL TO UNDER-
STAND THE TRUTH!



AWAY
WITH YOU,
THEN-- WHILE
I RUSH TO
STAY THE MAD-
NESS BELOW



DRACULA IS FORCEABLY THROWN FROM THE WHIRLING FERRIS
WHEEL, TEARING LOOSE A STEEL PROTECTION BAR WITH HIS
POWERFUL TALONS IN AN ATTEMPT TO AVERT HIS FALL, THEN
HE HOLDS IN MID-AIR AS THE STRANGE ONE JUMPS EARTHWARD.



LET HIS MADNESS CEASE!

STOP, I SAY!
LET THE
BATTLES END
--NOW!

AND THE CROWD DISAPPEARS
QUIETLY INTO THE NIGHT.



VERY
GOOD,
DEMON--
I WATCHED
AS YOU
WIELDED
YOUR
POWER--

AND I KNEW
I COULD NOT HOPE
TO ESCAPE YOU.

WHAT?!

THEREFORE, I
HAVE NO CHOICE
BUT TO KILL YOU
--THUS!



IT IS TIME
FOR ME TO DIE
ALREADY?

YES, DEMON--TIME FOR
YOU TO DIE-- AND THE
IRONY OF IT ALL-- YOU
CARRIED OUR BATTLE TO
THAT FERRIS WHEEL, AND
THE BAR I TORE FROM IT IS THAT
WHICH I USED TO DESTROY YOU!



I'VE BEATEN YOU,
JUST AS I SHALL BEAT
YOUR MASTER, SATAN.



AND THEN DRACULA SHALL
RULE BOTH ON EARTH AND
HELL ITSELF!

BUT MORE--
I'LL SEE YOU NO
MORE. YOU
WON'T HAUNT ME
ANY LONGER--
AS YOU HAVE DONE
FOR CENTURIES.

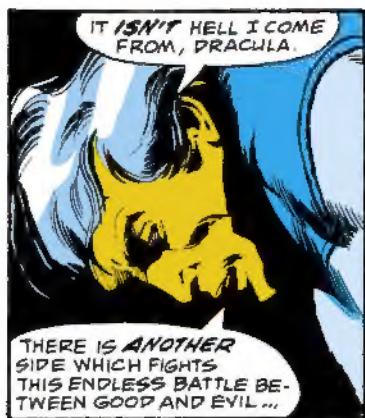


... YOU... ARE
WRONG, DRACULA
... I WILL NOT BE
GONE ... I'LL BE
WITH YOU ...
ALWAYS ...
ALWAYS ...

ARE YOU
MAD, DEMON?
GO BACK TO
HELL WHERE
YOU BELONG!



HELL? YOU KEEP
SAYING THAT. YOU
KEEP CALLING ME
A DEMON ... STILL
YOU CANNOT
UNDERSTAND THE
TRUTH--?



IT *ISN'T* HELL I COME FROM, DRACULA.

THERE IS *ANOTHER* SIDE WHICH FIGHTS THIS ENDLESS BATTLE BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL ...

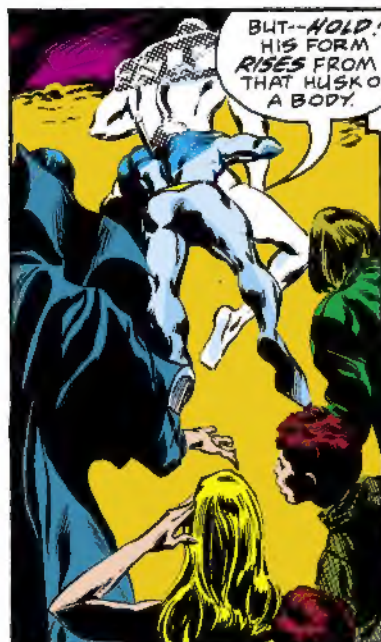


...AND IT IS *THAT* SIDE WHICH WILL BE VICTORIOUS. FOR, I HAVE SEEN THE FUTURE

WHAT? NO! IT CAN NOT BE TRUE. IT CAN NOT BE TRUE!

... AND I KNOW... I KNOW ... I KNOW...

YET THERE IS NO OTHER EXPLANATION.



BUT--*HOLD!* HIS FORM RISES FROM THAT HUSK OF A BODY.



NO! I CAN NOT LET HIM ESCAPE ME AGAIN! I MUST FOLLOW HIM-- DESTROY HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN IF NEED BE!



NO! HE'S ENTERING MY DARK CHURCH! HE CAN'T HAVE FLED HERE OF ALL PLACES!

NOT IF HE SPOKE THE TRUTH!



DOMINI! DID YOU SEE HIM? WHERE IS HE?

THERE IS NO *ONE* HERE, MY HUSBAND.

BUT--



WAIT! THAT CURSED PAINTING! IT'S EYES GLOW-- WITH THE VERY SAME HEAVENLY LIGHT THAT--



AND AT LAST, DRACULA KNOWS THE TRUTH, AND HE IS CHILLED TO HIS VERY BONES!



NOOOO

NEXT ISSUE: THE STORY YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR:
THE FINAL FURY of DEACON FROST